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## AGRICULTURE IN THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

President Garfield as being a very

open perfectly, and if crowded and shaded much the squashes will be poor in quality.

changes are too much for them. As many

e poisoned places.

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# MICHIGAN FARMER.

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS

—SUCCESSORS TO—

WENSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

No. 40 and 42 West Larned St.,  
DETROIT, MICH.

Eastern Office: 21 Park Row, New York,  
P. B. BROMFIELD, Mgr.

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## MICHIGAN FARMER.

DETROIT, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-  
office as second class matter.

### THE "HOUSEHOLD."

In subscribing with agents for the FARMER  
you should be particular to state to them  
whether or not you wish the HOUSEHOLD  
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in that parties do not receive it, and it is  
invariably turned out to be the result of a mis-  
understanding between the agent and sub-  
scriber. The price of the FARMER alone is  
\$1.25 per year, and of the FARMER and  
HOUSEHOLD \$1.50 per year.

### WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the  
past week amounted to 119,643 bu., against  
207,077 bu. the previous week, and 203,854  
bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Ship-  
ments for the week were 188,148 bu., against  
148,647 bu. the previous week and 215,549 bu.  
the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks  
of wheat now held in this city amount to  
708,328 bu., against 737,816 bu. last week  
and 1,592,766 bu. at the corresponding date  
to 1886. The visible supply of this grain on  
Nov. 12 was 37,388 bu. against 35,144-  
574 bu. the previous week, and 58,119,364  
for the corresponding week in 1886. This  
shows an increase from the amount reported  
the previous week of 2,094,312 bushels.

Wheat has done well the past week, and  
the tendency has been steadily upwards.  
Until Saturday there was a very strong  
feeling in the trade, caused by the improved  
tone of the foreign markets, and the more  
active demand for shipment. On Saturday  
the market opened a little weaker and a de-  
cline took place, a part of which, however,  
was regained before the close. May futures  
closed a little higher than the previous day.  
Chicago is higher than a week ago. On  
Saturday that market opened strong and ac-  
tive, weakened in the afternoon, but finally  
rallied and closed at the highest points of  
the day. New York has been active all  
week, closing on Saturday a little dull,  
but with prices fairly well sustained. Spot  
was firm at the close, although rather quiet.

The following table exhibits the daily closing  
prices of spot wheat in this market from  
Oct. 26th to Nov. 19th, inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Oct. 26	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 27	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 28	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 29	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 30	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
Nov. 1	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 2	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 3	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 4	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 5	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 6	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 7	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 8	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 9	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 10	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 11	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 12	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 13	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 14	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 15	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 16	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 17	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 18	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2
" 19	75 1/2	74 1/2	73 1/2

For No. 3 red the closing prices on the  
various dates each day of the past week were  
as follows:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Mar.
Monday	79	79 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Tuesday	79	79 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	79	79 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	79	79 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	79	79 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	79	79 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2

The Chicago Tribune says that a Board  
of Trade man of that city, who has recently  
returned from the Pacific Coast, reports that  
the crop of California and Oregon will not  
be above a two-thirds yield. But the crop  
of Oregon will be simply an immense one,  
50 bu. to the acre not being uncommon. A  
great many dealers in the interior bought  
wheat from farmers for future delivery, and  
made advances on the property only to find  
themselves left out in the cold when the  
corner collapsed. An effort will be made to  
collect from Flood and Mackay, the feeling  
out there being strong that those gentlemen  
are held legally responsible for the cash  
advanced by dealers who were left with con-  
tracts on their hands which they could not  
meet.

The imports of wheat at Marseilles for  
the week ending Nov. 4 were 1,108,500 bu.,  
and the stock remaining in store at that date  
was 673,000 bu., being less than at that date  
the previous report. The total receipts for the  
eight weeks ending Nov. 4 were 4,996,983  
bu. and the stock was reduced 138,983 bu.  
during that period. This is a larger quantity  
of wheat than was received in Chicago in  
the same time. It is fair to infer from this  
that France will continue to be a large buyer  
of wheat than has been figured out in any  
of the estimates.

King, the Toledo Board of Trade man,  
who makes a specialty of statistics, esti-  
mates an increase of about 1,500,000 bu. in

the visible supply of wheat from last week.  
A report from Duluth says the receipts of  
wheat there and at Minneapolis for the last  
seven days are 500,000 bu. less than for the  
seven days last preceding, and the exports  
from the seaboard have increased about  
275,000 bu. The total receipts at Duluth  
and Minneapolis on this crop are 25,500,000  
bu., and the stocks at both places are only  
3,000,000 bu. larger than they were at the  
beginning of September. The total receipts  
from the crop of last year at both places  
was 58,000,000 bu. This shows only 33-  
000,000 bu. left to come forward if the crop  
be as large this year as last, which there is  
room to doubt. This is not more than  
enough to supply Minneapolis at the rate  
they have taken wheat since the beginning  
of September.

The exports from Austria to Great Britain  
during the first ten months of this year in-  
cluded 347,000 qrs. (5 bushels to the quarter)  
of wheat and 600 tons of flour, against 50-  
000 qrs and 1,200 tons for the same time in  
1886. The total for the ten months of this  
year equals 2,809,000 bu. wheat. The ac-  
crease this year is not ten per cent larger  
than for the crop of 1887, and the coming  
crop can scarcely be that much larger than  
the one last gathered. No exports are re-  
ported as made to the Continent of Europe.  
The Liverpool market on Saturday was  
quoted firm, with fair demand. Quotations  
for American wheat are as follows: No. 2  
winter, 68. 9d. per cwt.; No. 2 spring,  
68. 9d. 1/2; Club, 68. 10d.

### CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the  
past week were 29,667 bu., against 40,407  
bu. the previous week, and 61,069 bu. for  
the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments  
for the week were 32,146 bu., against 10,336 bu.  
the previous week, and 43,326 bu. for the  
corresponding week in 1886. The visible  
supply of corn in the country on Nov. 12  
amounted to 6,983,369 bu. against 7,385,553  
bu. the previous week, and 13,096,713 bu.  
at the same date in 1886. The visible supply  
shows a decrease during the week indicated  
of 452,184 bu. The stocks now held in this  
city amount to 130,180 bu., against 135,039 bu.  
last week and 31,201 bu. at the corre-  
sponding date in 1886. Corn closed  
quiet but firm on Saturday with values  
showing a substantial advance. As to the  
causes of the firmer tone in the market,  
one was the reduction by the government  
crop report of 50,000,000 bu. from its Octo-  
ber estimate, and the falling in of the re-  
ceipts from the west, which have been quite  
large. Considerable speculative buying  
was indulged in Chicago, and some dealers  
are of the opinion that the advance was  
greater than warranted. It looks to us as if  
500 corn was likely to be the rule before  
long. Michigan feeders and stockmen are  
buying large quantities, which is very un-  
usual with most of them. No. 2 yellow  
is quoted here at 48c per bu., and No. 2 yellow  
at 47c. Nothing doing in a speculative  
way in this market. At Chicago the market  
closed steady on Saturday, with values on  
all grades of spot and futures higher than  
a week ago. Spot No. 2 is quoted  
there at 44c, November delivery at 44c,  
December at 44c, and May at 45c. By  
sample No. 3 yellow sold at 43c 1/2, No. 2  
yellow at 43c 1/2, No. 2 at 43c 1/2, No. 2  
at 43c, and No. 3 at 43c 1/2. There  
was some weakness apparent at the close,  
owing to a lighter demand from shippers.  
Across the markets are all higher. On  
Saturday London was dull with little offer-  
ing. At Liverpool the week closed quiet but  
higher on all grades. The following are the  
latest cable quotations from Liverpool: Spot  
mixed, 4s. 10 1/2d. per cwt.; November de-  
livery at 4s. 10d.; December at 4s. 9d., and  
January at 4s. 7 1/2d.

The receipts at this point for the week were  
16,405 bu., against 29,743 bu. the previous  
week, and 40,813 bu. for the corresponding  
week last year. The shipments for the week  
were 9,295 bu., against 8,547 bu. the previ-  
ous week, and 7,942 bu. for same week in  
1886. The visible supply of this grain on  
Nov. 12 was 6,550,106 bu., against 6,473,924  
bu. the previous week, and 5,669,400 at the  
corresponding date in 1886. The visible  
supply shows an increase of 76,072 bu.  
for the week indicated. Stocks held in  
store here amount to 41,165 bu., against  
44,994 bu. the previous week, and 51,734  
bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. Oats  
have shared in the general advance on other  
grains, and there is a firmer tone to the  
market. No. 3 white is now quoted at  
32c per bushel, and No. 2 mixed at 29c 1/2.  
At Chicago oats are firmer and at advanced  
prices. The demand is fairly active. On  
Saturday mixed was a little weaker, but  
white grades were firm. No. 2 mixed spot  
are quoted there at 27c, November delivery  
at 27c 1/2, December at 26c 1/2, and May at  
27c 1/2. Sales by sample were on the basis  
of 27c for No. 2 mixed, 28c 20c for No. 3  
white and 29c 30c for No. 2 white. The  
New York market on Saturday closed dull  
and prices a shade lower than the previous  
day. As compared with a week ago values  
are all higher. Quotations in that market  
are as follows: No. 3 white, 30c;  
No. 2 mixed, 34c; No. 3 white 35  
c 35c. In futures No. 2 mixed for No-  
vember sold at 34c, December at 35c,  
and May at 36c. Mixed western are  
quoted at 33 1/2c 36c, and white do at 37c  
40c per bu.

The market is quiet and steady at about  
the rates noted last week. Receipts are  
ample to meet all demands, and only the  
comparative scarcity of choice stock keeps  
prices up to their present range. Quota-  
tions here are 16c 18c per lb for good to  
choice table butter, with extra selection at  
19c 20c. The lower grades are not in de-  
mand and range from 10c 12c per lb.  
Creamery stocks are steady at 24c 25c per lb.  
Substitutes are retailing at 16c 18c per lb.  
At Chicago receipts have been light for  
several days and with only moderate stocks  
on hand fresh makes are firm.

Quotations were as follows: Fancy  
Eggs creamery, 27c 27c per lb; fine Iowa,  
Wisconsin and Illinois do, 22c 24c; fair  
to good do, 17c 20c; low grades, 14c 15c;  
factory dairies, 18c 23c; fair to good, 14c  
16c; common and pecking stock, 12c 13c.

At New York the market  
has about held its own during the week,  
with a firmer tone toward the close. The  
N. Y. Daily Bulletin says of the market:  
"All desirable grades of fresh Western  
creamery are selling pretty closely up to  
supply at firm 'at no higher prices. Strictly  
factory Eggs is scarce and works out to a  
special trade at full prices. Other fancy  
Western in very light supply and promptly  
saleable at 28c, and good to prime grades  
sell readily at 24c 25c. Very little fresh  
arriving selling below 22c 23c for best, but  
very few sales above 21c. State creamery  
pails, nearly all are defective and 25c about  
the top for the best, and ranging from that  
down to 20c. State dairies sell readily,  
when fine, at 25c, but bulk are of under  
grades and working out slowly from 18c 20c.  
Fresh tubs of best dairies are readily  
taken at 24c 25c, and all selected fresh  
tubs reach 26c, occasionally a trifling more.  
Firkins alone only moderately active. Fine  
infant and Western creamery dairies and  
fresh factory are all in good demand and  
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Quotations in that market Saturday  
were as follows:

	State	Factory	Western
Creamery, State, pails, best	27	25	23
Creamery, State, pails, good	26	24	22
Creamery, Western, fancy	27	25	23
Creamery, Western, good	26	24	22
Creamery, prime	24	22	20
Creamery, ordinary	23	21	19
Creamery, fair	22	20	18
Creamery, Western, June	19	17	15
State dairy tubs, good	23	21	19
State dairy tubs, fair	22	20	18
State dairy tubs, prime	21	19	17
State dairy tubs, tubs, fair to good	20	18	16
State dairy tubs, ordinary	19	17	15
State dairy tubs, pails, best	21	19	17
State dairy tubs, pails, good	20	18	16
State dairy tubs, pails, fair	19	17	15
State dairy tubs, pails, ordinary	18	16	14
State dairy tubs, pails, fair to good	17	15	13
State dairy tubs, pails, good to prime	16	14	12
State dairy tubs, pails, prime	15	13	11
State dairy tubs, pails, best	14	12	10
State dairy tubs, pails, good	13	11	9
State dairy tubs, pails, fair	12	10	8
State dairy tubs, pails, ordinary	11	9	7
State dairy tubs, pails, fair to good	10	8	6
State dairy tubs, pails, good to prime	9	7	5
State dairy tubs, pails, prime	8	6	4
State dairy tubs, pails, best	7	5	3
State dairy tubs, pails, good	6	4	2
State dairy tubs, pails, fair	5	3	1
State dairy tubs, pails, ordinary	4	2	0
State dairy tubs, pails, fair to good	3	1	0
State dairy tubs, pails, good to prime	2	0	0
State dairy tubs, pails, prime	1	0	0
State dairy tubs, pails, best	0	0	0

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State dairy tubs, fair	22	20	18
State dairy tubs, prime	21	19	17
State dairy tubs, tubs, fair to good	20	18	16
State dairy tubs, ordinary	19	17	15
State dairy tubs, pails, best	21	19	17
State dairy tubs, pails, good	20	18	16
State dairy tubs, pails, fair	19	17	15
State dairy tubs, pails, ordinary	18	16	14
State dairy tubs, pails, fair to good	17	15	13
State dairy tubs, pails, good to prime	16	14	12
State dairy tubs, pails, prime	15	13	11
State dairy tubs, pails, best	14	12	10
State dairy tubs, pails, good	13	11	9
State dairy tubs, pails, fair	12	10	8
State dairy tubs, pails, ordinary	11	9	7
State dairy tubs, pails, fair to good	10	8	6
State dairy tubs, pails, good to prime	9	7	5
State dairy tubs, pails, prime	8	6	4
State dairy tubs, pails, best	7	5	3
State dairy tubs, pails, good	6	4	2
State dairy tubs, pails, fair	5	3	1
State dairy tubs, pails, ordinary	4	2	0
State dairy tubs, pails, fair to good	3	1	0
State dairy tubs, pails, good to prime	2	0	0
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were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.		
Creamery, State, pails, best .....	27	25
Creamery, State, tubs, fancy .....	27	24
Creamery, Western, fancy .....	27	24
Creamery, prime .....	24	23
Creamery, good .....	20	22
Creamery, fair .....	17	21
Creamery, Western, June .....	17	22
State dairy tubs, fancy .....	25	26
State dairy tubs, good .....	22	24
State dairy tubs, fair .....	19	22
State dairy, Welsh tubs, prime .....	22	23



The Central bank of Canada, at Toronto, has suspended.

The debt of Canada is a trifle less than \$50 per capita for its population.

The W. C. T. U. want to erect a "temperance temple" at Chicago, to be 12 stories high.

Thousands of acres of land in the vicinity of Little Rock, Ark., have been swept by forest fires.

Gen. Sparks has resigned his office of land commissioner, the president has accepted the resignation.

The steamer City of Green Bay burned to the water's edge at Green Bay, Wis., last week. Loss \$10,000.

In Price county, Minn., two children are reported to have been attacked by wolves on the way from school, and devoured.

The average cost per piece of handling mail at free delivery offices was two mills last year; and 2,354,564 pieces were handled.

The National W. C. T. U. met at Nashville, Tenn., last week, with representatives from nearly every State and territory in the Union.

An aerolite weighing three tons fell in front of a bank at Amsterdam, N. Y., on Friday, greatly to the consternation of the inhabitants.

The 25 Italian immigrants in quarantine from the Azores, were released last week, but not permitted to bring their clothing with them.

Robert Bonner, about as well known as the editor of the famous Masses, as the editor of the N. Y. Ledger, is going to retire, and enjoy his fortune.

Miss Ella Bauer, attempting to manage the elevator at Jaynes' grocery store, Chicago, was caught between it and the floor and instantly killed.

The Bessemer steel rail manufacturers will shut down on December 1st, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of the market for steel rails.

A new gold mine has been discovered on the Mississippi river, Arizona, which, if the reports can be credited, will prove one of the richest in the world.

The factory of the Union powder company, located seven miles from El Paso, blew up last week, and S. S. Carter, president of the company, was a victim.

J. C. Kimball, clergyman of Hartford, Conn., will be asked to resign because of his Sunday's sermon he compared the Chicago anarchists with the Savior.

The Baden natural gas company of Pittsburg is in trouble. Its liabilities are \$100,000; its assets 300 miles of pipe lines and 3,000 acres of gas lands in Beaver county.

The perpetrators of the great Boston robbery in Boston in 1873, when \$100,000 in securities were taken from the office of James Young, were arrested at Chicago last week.

The ear shops of the Cincinnati Southern railroad at Ludlow, Ky., were burned last week, and was totally destroyed. About 500 men are out of work.

The business failures during the past seven days number for the United States, 255; for Canada, 10, a total of 265 compared with 217 last week, and 242 for the corresponding week of last year.

The money-order system of the government, though yielding no profit, is reported to be self-sustaining. The money order during the past year amounted to \$138,367,018.

Nine tramps boarded a freight train near Utica, N. Y., last week, took possession of it and compelled the engineer to run it to Herkimer, where they converted the engine into a locomotive in the shape of the police. Three were arrested.

Her Most, the anarchist, was arrested at New York on the 17th, on an incendiary speech calculated to incite to riot, made the previous week. As this is a second arrest for the same offense, he will probably spend a year at Sing Sing.

## Peninsular White Lead and Color Works,

Makers and Grinders of  
Chrome Greens and Yellows, Prussian, Chinese, Steel and Soluble Blues, Vermilions,  
White Lead and Zinc and other Colors.

SPECIALTIES.

Peninsular Ready Mixed Paints,  
Peninsular Tinted and White Leads in all desirable shades,  
Peninsular Coach, Carriage and Buggy Paints, nine choice colors, quick-drying and ready for use,  
Peninsular Coach Colors ground in Japan,  
Peninsular Decorative Wall and Fresco Paints,  
Peninsular Floor Paints,  
Peninsular Fire-Proof Barn and Roof Paints.

**SPECIAL PAINTS MADE TO ORDER.**

All the Peninsular brands we are sure of, and we give us great advantage over those who simply grind and mix their colors from inferior materials. Send for sample cards and insist upon getting Peninsular paints from your dealer.

**Factory:** Leib St., bet. Transit & River Front.  
**Office:** Cor. Bates & Larned, Farrand, Williams & Co., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

## PERCHERON HORSES.

### FRENCH COACH HORSES.

We will be glad to have our friends and acquaintances and those who have been in correspondence, in fact, and all who are in search of first-class registered Percheron and French Coach horses, come and see our horses. We have an exceptionally fine lot, and on and on is so large that all may be pleased. We offer the largest number and greatest variety to select from. All our imported stock is selected by Mr. F. A. Barnes, personally in France, and he accepts nothing but the best horses of the most approved breeding. Our home-bred stock is all the progeny of selected sires and dams of the best form and most desirable. We guarantee our stock. Sell on easy terms and at low prices. We will be glad to answer all correspondence promptly; but we would strongly advise persons contemplating the purchase of a horse or mare, Percheron or French Coach, to get on the train and come and see us.

**Factory:** Leib St., bet. Transit & River Front.  
**Office:** Cor. Bates & Larned, Farrand, Williams & Co., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

## SAVAGE & FARNUM.

Proprietors of Island Home Stock Farm, Importers and Breeders, Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Mich.

Catalogues Free by Mail. Address all Communications to Detroit, Mich.

## Merrill & Fifield, Bay City, Mich.

IMPORTERS AND BREEDERS OF  
**HEREFORD CATTLE!**

The Michigan Herd of Prize Winners.

At the hands of Clarence Groves (7079), an imported son of the Groves dam Ruby by Sparrow (5409), and bred by Tom Wilton (9045), one of the great Lord Wilton and full brother to Mr. Bertman's Wilton, such cows as Love, Lady, Fair, Grace, 3d, Pair, Maid, 4th by Chancellor 301, greenhorn 5th, such cows as Barcelona Queen by Horace 5th, three grand heifers by Harold (684), and others of equal worth, compose the breeding herd.

## CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL STUD.

### 300 Cleveland Bays and English Shires

No pampered old stock or worn out exhibition stallions. Our stallions mostly imported as yearlings, are grown on our own farms, and thoroughly acclimated, insuring the best results in the stud from the start.

**HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS.** Being crowded for room for the most improved stock, we will make **EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES TO REDUCE OUR HERD OF CATTLE.** A grand opportunity to secure foundation stock at a low figure. Send for an illustrated Descriptive Pamphlet and mention this paper.

**GEO. E. BROWN & CO., Aurora, Kane Co., Illinois.**

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### FRENCH COACH HORSES.

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**511 PURE-BREDS Now Actually on Hand.**

Experience and Facilities Combined in Reasonable Pricings. Best Stock of Both Breeds.

Separate Catalogues for each breed, with history of same. Say which is wanted. Address **M. W. DUNHAM, WAYNE, DU PAGE CO., ILLINOIS.**

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### FIFTY HEAD OF Thoro'bred Herefords

Twenty-five heifers and young cows with calves at foot and 25 young bulls from 18 to 18 months old. Stock all first class. Some fine imported cows, richly-bred, the blood of Old Horace, The Groves 3d and Lord Wilton.

Don't be afraid of fancy prices but come and see the stock or write for prices.

**JOHN W. FOSTER, Manager Orap Farm, Flint, Mich.**

## Shorthorns For Sale.

Sale and Purchasing Agency.

**JOHN DIMON**

We offer from the College herd a few choice bred cows and heifers: also the got of Fennel Duke 3d, of Side View 6721. All stock registered. Also four registered Merino rams, in one and four years old. Parties desiring to purchase are cordially invited to inspect the College herds or correspond with the undersigned.

**SAM'L JOHNSON, Sup't., Agricultural College, Mich.**

## 25 Extra Black Jacks

And Several Standard-Bred Stallions  
**FOR SALE.**

Jacks from 14 to 16 hands high, from 3 to 5 yrs old, and some good Jennets. All are of the best blood in Kentucky. Send for catalogue.

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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### BREEDING AND MERIT COMBINED

## Will E. Boyden.

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- BREEDER OF -  
**Shorthorn Cattle**

The following families represented in the Cruickshank, Rose or Sharon, Flat Creek Young Mary

Inspection is invited. Stock for sale at reasonable prices. Every animal guaranteed as represented. The prospects for Shorthorn are better than at any time in the past 10 years.

**L. W. & O. BARNES**  
- PROPRIETORS OF -  
**"LAKE VIEW" STOCK FARM**  
Byron, (Shiawassee Co.) Mich.

Breeders of pure bred Poland China swine and registered Merino sheep. Swine recorded in C. & G. Record. Our herd is one of the finest and best bred herds in the State, and has taken many premiums at the Michigan State Fair in the past five years than any other herd. We breed only from animals of the finest quality, as well as gilt-edged pedigree. We have now for sale a superior lot of young hogs and sows, dark in color, and of fine quality. Prices reasonable. Write, or come and see us. Special rates by express.

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## DIRECTORY

### OF

## MICHIGAN BREEDERS

### CATTLE.—Shorthorns.

**ARON F. BLISS.** Swan Creek stock farm, breeder of thoroughbred shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. - S. Baldwin, Manager, P. O. address, Saginaw, Saginaw Co., Mich. - 1887-26

**A. J. CHANDLER.** breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome

**A. DEKAMER.** Saginaw, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock farm. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. - 1887-26

**A. J. COOK.** Orono, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Poland China swine and Shropshire sheep. Stock for sale. Write for prices and breeding. - 1887-26

**A. J. LEELEND.** Rose Corners, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Fenton, Genesee county. - 1887-26

**A. J. COOK.** Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families represented. Bull Major Orange at head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. - 1887-26

**ARTHUR ANDERSON.** Westfield, Allegheny Co., Pa., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Established 15 years, with 2750 by 334 Duke of Air-drie and Minnie's Duke by Barrington Duke 3d at head. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. - 1887-26

**BENJ. F. BATCHELDER.** Oceola Center, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young Mary and Young Phyllis families, with four and a half miles of Shropshire sheep of Clark at the head of herd. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Also registered Merino sheep. - 1887-26

**C. LUCE & SON.** Gilead, Branch Co., breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Families in the herd: Appleton, Phyllis, Mary, Rose Sharon and Blossoms. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. - 1887-26

**CHARLES FISHER.** Lakeside Stock Farm, Howardsville, Branch Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Baronet, Belle Bessie 4741, Belle Dicksie, Camilla's Vic-toria, Stapleton Lass, Seline and Bright Eyes families. Young stock for sale. - 1887-26

**C. R. BACKUS.** Springdale Stock Farm, Will-hamston, Ingham Co., breeder of thorough-bred Shorthorn cattle and Shropshire sheep. Merino Sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**D. M. UHL.** Brookside Herd, Ypsilanti, Choice Shorthorns of the best breeding and best making quality for sale. Correspondence so-lit. - 1887-26

**J. S. HURNETT & SON.** breeders of Short-horn cattle. All stock registered. Residence, four and a half miles east of Hancock, Shiawassee Co., Stock for sale. - 1887-26

**F. A. GRADEN.** Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., breeder of pure bred Short-horn cattle of Victoria and Stapleton Lass families with Lord Raspberry 3d at head of herd. Stock for sale. - 1887-26

**GEORGE W. STUART.** Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**HENRY BROOKS.** Brooks Farm, Wixom, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. The following families represented: Pomona, Rose of Sharon and Phyllis. Correspondence promptly answered. - 1887-26

**HENRY LESTER.** Oakdale Stock Farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. P. O. address, Griffin, Kent Co., Mich. - 1887-26

**H. H. HIND.** Stanton, Montcalm Co., breed-er of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino Sheep. - 1887-26

**JOHN C. SHARP.** "Hillside Farm," Jackson, breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Poland China swine. Families represented: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Wynne, Victoria, etc., with the straight Rose of Sharon bull, "Sharon Duke of Bath No. 6449" at head of herd. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**JAMES D. BOTSFOORD.** Osceola, Centre, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, registered and grade Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. - 1887-26

**JAMES MOORE.** Milford, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Leading tribes, head headed by Oliver Wild Eyes 5246. Also Hamiltonian and Percheron horses, Highland Scotch sheep and Jersey Red Swine. - 1887-26

**JOHN McKEAY.** Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**J. R. WISK & SON.** Jonestown, Barry County, breeders of Shorthorn cattle, registered American Merino sheep, and Poland-China swine. Families represented are Young Mary, Rose of Sharon, and a few cows of other tribes. Correspondence invited. P. O. Bedford, Calhoun Co., Mich. - 1887-26

**J. N. OLNEY.** Burr Oak Farm, Muir, Iowa, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**DAVIDSON.** Tecumseh, Lenawee County, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some young bulls. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. - 1887-26

**N. P. HAYES.** Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorns of the Young Mary, Phyllis, etc., families. Young animals for sale. Also Scotch, Norman, Jersey and other breeds. Eldorado at the head of the stud. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Muir Iowa Co. - 1887-26

**OSNOW & SON.** Oaklawn Park Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, breeders of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle. Families represented are Young Mary, Phyllis, Golden Pippin and White Rose. Correspondence promptly answered. - 1887-26

**S. CHAFFEE.** Byron, Shiawassee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Families represented are Poland China swine. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. - 1887-26

**C. H. ELLIWOOD.** Rose Corners, P. O. ad-dress Fentonville, Genesee Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. - 1887-26

**THE COLLEGE FARM.** Agricultural Col-lege, Mich., breeds Shorthorn cattle, Berk-shire and Poland China swine, Merino and South Down sheep. A large lot of animals always on sale at very reasonable prices. Address Sam'l Johnson, Sup't. of the Farm. - 1887-26

**W. M. BALL.** Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, Lady Phyllis, Rose and Cruickshank. Also bred of thoroughbred American Merino of the best blood as well as the most thoroughly practical. - 1887-26

**W. O. WILSON.** Wixom, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Kirkcubright, Hilda, Flat Creek Marys, Cruickshank, Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, Lady Phyllis, Rose and Cruickshank of Sutherland, Lady Helen, and other families, headed by the pure Bates Barrington bull Barrington Duke 7th No. 7367. - 1887-26

**W. M. FISHER & SON.** Woodland Stock Farm, Howell, breeder of Shorthorn cattle of Victoria, Rosemary and Darlington tribes. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**W. M. WHITEFIELD & SONS.** Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., breed-ers of thoroughbred recorded Shorthorn cattle and Hampshire sheep. Stock for sale. - 1887-26

**Holstein-Friesians.**

**CHAS. F. GILLMAN.** "Fonstedt Stock Farm" Farmington, breeder and dealer in thor-oughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle and Merino sheep. - 1887-26

**C. V. SEKLEY.** North Farmington, Oakland Co., breeder of Holstein-Friesians. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. - 1887-26

**F. R. PHILLIPS.** Bay City, breeder and



## Poetry.

NOVEMBER.

The year grows old; summer's wild crown of roses  
Has fallen and faded in the woodland ways;  
On all the earth a tranquil light reposes;  
Through the still dreamy days.

The dew lies heavy in the early morn,  
On grass and mosses sparkling crystal fair;  
And shining threads of gossamer are borne  
Floating upon the air.

Across the leaf-strown lanes from bough to bough,  
Like tissues woven in a fairy loom;  
And crimson-berryed bryons gaily glow  
Through the leaf-tangled gloom.

The woods are still, but for the sudden fall  
Of cupressus scorns dropping to the ground,  
Or rabbit plunging through the fern stems tall,  
Half-startled by the sound.

And from the garden lawn comes soft and clear  
The robin's warble from the leafless spray,  
The low sweet Angelus of the dying year,  
Passing in light away.

## THE HEART'S WEAKNESS.

Which is the weakest thing of all  
Mine heart can ponder?  
The sun a little cloud can call  
With darkness yonder.  
The cloud a little wind can move  
Where'er it listeth;  
The wind a little leaf above,  
Through reeds, resisteth.

What time that yellow leaf was green  
My days were gladder;  
But now, whatever spring may mean,  
I must grow sadder.

Ah me! a leaf with sighs can wring  
My life asunder—  
Then is mine heart the weakest thing  
Itself can ponder.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## Miscellaneous.

## AUNT HANNAH.

Every one is the better for having a defined position, and I sometimes fancy mine must be the "good creature" of the family.

It is a large and scattered family and gives ample scope for every kind of usefulness. Time was when I was the spoilt child of it; but years have hurried on, and the bright promise was early nipped in the bud by the death of my dear parents, privileged to pass away within twenty-four hours of each other.

As I left the churchyard where the sun shone softly down upon their undivided grave, and strove to realize that henceforward those true and tender hearts were sharers in the glorious sunshine of Eternal Day, I looked into the cold hard face of my brother and knew that the days of sympathetic love in my old home were over and done with for me. Robert was a quiet unkind and unloving, but sympathy was a quality entirely wanting in his composition, and if he was just and fair toward others, what on earth could others want, in Heaven's name?

He would ask impatiently.

Ah, well, justice is much; but love and sympathy, what are they not worth in our lives, from the highest lady in the land whose sympathy never fails in time of need, down to the little school-child, who will spare a few precious crumbs of cake for the hungry robin in its path?

My other brothers and sisters were all married and scattered over the world, and Robert's eldest children were but a few years younger than myself, the youngest of their father's generation.

For some years I lived on in the dear old home and strove to be of what use I could. No one scrupled to make use of me, I am bound to say, and by degrees the family motto seemed to be: "Aunt Hannah will do it. She won't mind."

Did she mind? Sometimes I think she did.

The young ones were growing up, and to them my few additional years constituted, if not old age, at least advanced middle age. Little did they think, whilst their nimble feet whirled to Aunt Hannah's playing (I could play, and for many reasons there I heartily did my best for their dance music)—little did they think, I say, how my own shoes were twitching under the piano with a longing to be given a chance of a turn myself.

One night I overheard a slim young Guardsman murmur to my niece:

"But, I say, won't your aunt be tired, playing so long?"

"Tired! Why no, she won't mind," responded Edith. "She likes it."

I bent my head over the piano and gulped down the choke that almost overpowered me as I steadily marked time in that value time of many memories. Up before the eyes of my memory rose that evening, seven years before, upon which my future life had seemed to hinge. I was twenty then, and had been for two years an inmate of my brother's home. I was twenty-seven now, and was still considered too young to have a home of my own by my elder relations, too old for young lady amusements by the younger generation.

So I steadily played on, and my thoughts floated away backwards to that evening I have hinted at. I saw once more a small, dark-haired girl, with hazel eyes and a far-away look in them, and over her bent a broad-shouldered, curly-headed young giant, whose voice trembled as he said, "God bless you, darling little Hannah, I will come to-morrow and see Robert and you."

But oh, Mike, Mike, why did you never come—never, never, and the next thing I heard was that you had gone to India the following week, and the year after I heard that you were married. And oh, what had I done, what had I done, to deserve such a blow as this?

Had I misdeemed him? God heaven! I had! I should that I thought he loved me, and he had meant nothing and taken fright, and done the most merciful thing he could by vanishing from out of my life?

Night and day I worried myself to think out this agonizing puzzle. Speak to Robert, I dared not. What could he think of a girl who had admitted she loved someone, when the same one had too clearly not wished for her love?

Robert's wife was wrapped up in her babies, and on the only occasion on which I had dared my heart to ask her advice, had answered me: "through the reigning in-

fant: 'Tell her she's mutt and to be toopid and glum, my Tootseewoosee; see matt'tum and play wizz oo, my precious, mutt and see!'

Henceforward I fought my battle alone, and subsided into the long-suffering placid Aunt Hannah, who was supposed "not to mind" the dreary bits of employment which all the others shirked.

Just when I had struck twenty-seven my rich old godmother died, and to my surprise left me a handsome slice of her fortune, coupling with it the command that I should take her name in place of my own. From Hannah Grey I became, therefore, straightway Hannah Sinclair. With my new name I furthermore asserted my independence, and set up for myself a little home in London. My dear old nurse took the lead in my household, and the first night that I established myself by my own fireside and started as a free lone woman, I laid my head on her knees and cried as if my heart would break. Alas! asked no questions, but stroked my head in silence. Some people are blessed with an instinctive sympathy and tact. My dear old Alice was one of them. We never once alluded to that evening in all the long years we spent together; but somehow I think she had grasped more than I ever guessed.

By degrees my little home became the useful rendezvous of all the family. My hall was many a time filled with forbidding-looking females, all unsummoned by me, but "come by appointment to see Mrs. Grey about the cook's place, mum;" and presently a cab would pull up with a jerk and my sister-in-law would bustle in dropping brown paper parcels from her arms.

"So sorry, dear, I had no time to write, as baby's teeth bothered him so, but I knew you wouldn't mind." Hardly any of the undesirable-looking women ever answered, so the same ceremony was repeated many a time.

I did not mind the women so much, but the out of place men servants, I own, were a trial to me. Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Irishmen, all and sundry. They stood in rows, blocking up my little hall, and had been summoned by my niece Edith, to whom her mother had in most cases thrown the *Morning Post* and a heap of half penny cards, saying, "write to any likely ones, and tell them to meet me to-morrow. Aunt Hannah won't mind, and baby wants me now."

That little trouble, however, was put to an end in this wise. One of the men turned out to have been a notorious burglar, and an attempt was made on my house which failed, owing to the promptitude with which Alice had struck a light in the basement, whilst the footman locked himself securely in the pantry.

Robert was very kind about this, and perceptibly forbore any more appointments of the kind being made. He would see all men servants at his own club in future.

So my life flowed evenly on for a year or two, and my nephews and nieces came and went, and my doors flew open to them heartily.

"Aunt Hannah," said Bobby one day, as he rushed in laden with an enormous hamper, "you won't mind this standing here just while I'm having luncheon, will you? It's only a badger a fellow has given me to take home. It's awfully jolly if you'd like to have it out."

"No, thanks," I answered, with my pocket handkerchief to my nose; "we can stand the hamper down in the area. It isn't exactly sweet, you know, Bobby."

"Not sweet! Why it's only a badger, and I can't stay long, because my train goes at three, don't you know?"

"But where's the train?" I asked, looking beyond him to the empty hansom.

"Oh! by-the-bye, I forgot," he answered promptly. "Tim's sickening for the measles, they think, so mother thought he had better not go home; but as they won't have him at old Blazer's," he continued, as he flung himself cheerily into an armchair in the sitting-room, "he is to follow by the next train, and mother wrote that she was sure you wouldn't mind if he came straight to you, but I was to ask you, don't you know?"

Here I burst out laughing, and Bobby looked critically but approvingly at me, with both hands on his knees.

"I say, Aunt Hannah," he blurted out, "I'm never sure about you. Sometimes I think you are seventy, and sometimes you look seventeen, that's what you look now. I don't believe you're half as old-maidish as the girls think you."

"Thank you, Bobby," I said, kissing his jolly fat cheek. "I don't feel like seventy yet, and what a dear old boy you will be when I am! But now about Tim. I was going to have a party to-night, and measles won't do well with that."

But it had to do, inasmuch as there was no time to put off anybody, and "the party" got far as my closed front door, where they were met by an affable policeman, on duty for the purpose at five shillings for the job, who informed them with bated breath that "there was infection in the house," and the grinding wheels were all that I heard of my guests for a long while afterwards.

One of them, wishing to combine kindness and caution, sent me a note of enquiry.

"Dear Hannah—How is your nephew? But please, dear, don't send an answer."

Tim was a dear fellow and I did not catch the measles. He too was complimentary and encouraging about my age and infirmities, and went so far as to wonder if I hadn't been rather pretty when I was young.

That night, as Alice was brushing my rebellious locks, I ventured on a timid inquiry. "Alice, dear," I said in wheedling accents, "was I ever at all nice-looking when I was young?"

"When you was young, my dearie?"

"Young, Alice—young."

"Well," answered the dear old thing, pointing the brush in the air, "it's so long ago, you see, Miss Hannah! you can't expect me to throw my memory back so far."

"Ah, don't tease me, Alice; I really want to know," I pleaded.

"Well, then, my dear, you was, and what's more, you are; and that's the gospel truth, and many's the one that thinks so—same as me."

Why should I care? and yet I did. It was not because I was too ugly, then, that Mike had escaped from me. Other people had at times talked nonsense to me, when my heart had been too weary to take much heed, and my sister-in-law had chidden me for not responding when the talkers had

been eligible. All that seemed long ages ago, and now I was a solitary and moderately rich woman, with a house of my own, and a parrot and a terrier; and I could be and was of use to many of my family, whose unfailing motto was as of old—"she won't mind;" and no one guessed that I was glad I was not ugly. Had they been asked what my opinion might have been on the subject they would have, as usual, believed me indifferent. If I passed as a "good creature," there were but a few steps to go to arrive at the fool, maybe. Tim's good opinion cheered me wonderfully, and I saw him start for home with thorough regret.

A few days later, the sweeps being in possession of the drawing-room, a telegram came announcing the arrival of one of my nieces for a violin lesson in my house, "if I didn't mind." Hurriedly I had the piano rescued from upstairs and carried into my little front snugery; and just as it was put into place by the awkward but willing helpers we had caught at a few moments' notice, my niece arrived, and with her came a graceful, ladylike girl, whose looks attracted me greatly.

"Ruth, this is Aunt Hannah," said my niece. "You didn't mind, did you, Aunt Hannah; we thought you would not; and Ruth plays my accompaniments so well. We always play together now."

I had been so long away from the old home that I had fallen out of the knowledge of the young people's friends; but from Ruth's looks, was glad she should be one of them, whoever she might be.

The violin master came, and the lesson gave me intense pleasure. Ruth's accompaniment was perfect; and as the violin was being carefully wiped and restored to its case, I begged her to "play me something—anything—whatever she loved best—Mendelssohn for choice if she would."

One after another she played my best loved old friends, and I turned impatiently when the footman opened the door and said, "a gentleman had called for the young lady with Miss Grey."

"My uncle," said Ruth, apologetically. "Pray ask him to come, I said; and the next moment Mike stood once more before me. He bowed a little shyly, and I with my back to the window, stood spellbound and silent.

"Yes, it was Mike—huge, winsome Mike; and I must greet him as best I might."

"Mr. Vivian," I faltered, "I—I had no idea it was you."

Two huge strides brought him to my side. "Hannah!" he shouted, "Miss Grey! Why I was sent to a Miss Sinclair's! Have I come to the wrong house?"

The young people flew to him open mouthed at this wonderful thing, and chattered, mercifully for me, till I had recovered my balance a little.

From time to time I felt his eye upon me, and grew a trifle hot and angry under it. Why should he look at me in that way? He had been married for years, and I—well I had settled into my old maid ways—and I had "got over it," as the saying goes.

As if we ever lost "the marks of that which once had been."

As they all trooped out together, he turned back at the door, and grasping my hand tightly said, "Why did you say 'not at home' nine long years ago?"

"I didn't!" I exclaimed, indignantly, in a stilled voice, "you never came."

"Didn't?" he answered, and then he was gone.

That night I slept not at all. Backwards and forwards that refrain rang in my ears, "Didn't?" "Didn't?" Oh Mike, oh, faithful-hearted Mike, have I been wronging you all these years? Did you come, did you?—and I never knew it—and now it is too late.

Does she love you, I wonder, as I did—as I do, God help me. I must live it down and crush it out, but for this one night I will allow myself the joy of knowing that he did come; the rest I cannot even guess at.

Happy, miserable, restless, and yet soothed, I came down next morning and found I could settle down to nothing in the way of business. The piano stood where it had been placed the day before for the girls, and after many vain attempts to attend properly to writing which ought to have been done, I wandered up to it and sat me down listlessly, trying to pick up the thread of all that child's sympathetic fingers had done such full justice to; and as I played my heart grew lighter, and by degrees my Mendelssohn's modulated off into lighter music, and I found myself beating time once more with my foot to that Waldteufel waltz which had been dearer to me than all beside. How I played! I threw my heart, my whole heart into it; and as I came to the final chord I suddenly flung my arms upon the desk in front of me and burst into such a passion of weeping as I had never in all my life given way to. How long I wept I do not know; but I know that then and there I prayed with all my might for strength to root out for good and all, this cruel, absorbing, disgraceful love, and firm with one last, strangled sob, and a firm determination that not another should ever escape me now or ever again. I saw the door opening quietly, and in one moment Mike had held of both my hands. In vain I tried to pull them away. They were gripped and firmly gripped, and his dear voice spoke rapidly in agitated, loving tones.

"Don't speak, darling! I know what you think. Let me speak first for the sake of the dear old times. Let me clear up matters first. I am not the blackguard you think me—God forbid. Sit down, and let me speak."

What could I do but obey him? I sat down, and as he spoke my heart leaped and danced within me till I could have shouted for joy, and yet I felt ashamed of my delight. For had he not gone through deep waters, dear fellow? The poor little frivolous child who had lived but one year, but had wrought such havoc in that short time that it was more charitable to tell nothing of it to any who did not know the miserable story already. Peace be with her, poor thing. I need think of her no more.

Then came the explanation of our own misadventures. He had gone straight from my door the previous evening down to the dear old home to see my brother, and arrive at that explanation. It was simple enough.

My good sister-in-law on that eventful morning nine years before, had been right-

ened about one of her infants, and had bidden the servants to admit no one.

"Not for the young ladies, mum?" not for Miss Hannah?" the butler had asked; and she in all simplicity, poor soul, had said and believed, "Miss Hannah will not wish to see any one either," and so the answer had been given full in his face when Mike had called.

"Miss Hannah Grey not at home? You are sure?" he had asked incredulously.

"Quite sure, sir; my h'ors was that Miss Hannah, pettish, didn't wish to see no one who might call. Mr. Grey, sir? Mr. Grey is h'out."

The story had taken long to tell, but I hung upon every word of it, and as it came to an end the honest loving grey eyes looked full in mine, and my hands were once more imprisoned. "You know my story now, my darling; if I thought that you could—that you would—"

"Bless you! She won't mind," broke in upon us in hoarsely confidential tones, and springing up we faced round toward the window whence came the startling sounds.

Mike's protecting arm was round me in an instant, and Polly, swinging violently head downwards from the ring inside his cage, shrieked aloud, "Hannah! Hannah! You don't mind, do you?"

And this time I didn't.—Murray's Magazine.

## A Pre-Historic Race.

A correspondent writing from Tucson, Ariz., says that some very important discoveries concerning pre-historic races have been made during the past year by Prof. Frank Cushman, who has charge of an exploring expedition in the Salt River Valley in Southern Arizona.

The remains of an ancient city were found. Investigation showed that the city extended out in all directions from a palace or temple. The foundations of many of the houses had been exposed, many of them consisting of but a single room, but now and then there would be one of larger and more ample proportions, and in most of these larger ones there had been found burial vaults and skeletons. Two thousand of these skeletons had been exhumed. There was a general burial ground where the dead seemed to have been thrown promiscuously.

Large quantities of pottery were found in the tombs and dwellings. The finer pieces were of many different shapes but were all of light color, with black markings and figures, reminding one greatly of ancient Egyptian pottery. The inferior specimens looked much like that made by the Arizona Indians of today. No iron, copper, or metal instruments of any kind had been found, but great quantities of stone axes, stone pestles and mortars, bone needles and knives, and other such materials as belong to the stone age. But the skill with which these articles were made was far superior to that shown by the Indians found in America by the whites.

Mr. Cushman had found a good deal of wheat and barley and other grain, all of it, of course, in a charred and blackened condition, and he had also traced several canals and had found the ruins of a large reservoir, so that he had no doubt that extensive irrigation had been carried on, and that all the valley had been under cultivation. He thinks there must have been a population of at least 25,000 in the ruined city he was exploring, and that most of the inhabitants lived by cultivating the soil of the surrounding country.

Mr. Cushman thinks these ancient dwellers "suffered from great calamity like the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii." It was probably an earthquake. I have found skeletons under the walls of houses, lying as if the walls had suddenly fallen upon the person and crushed him to death. They were no doubt a religious people and strongly superstitious, so that they saw in the deity that befell them a warning to seek some other abode. They probably moved south, and it may have been their descendants that the Spaniards found in Mexico. They were certainly equal in intelligence and general advancement to the Aztecs.

## Music or No Music.

Study your child with reference solely to herself, her own capabilities, her own powers, and without regard to your wishes and ambitions. If she has a taste for music—and it is easy enough to discover whether she has or not—then do your utmost to have her learn it thoroughly. Besides acquiring an accomplishment that if necessary will bring her bread, besides possessing a power that will draw the pleasant thoughts of those around to her by the delight she is thus able to give, she will have what will be to herself a perennial spring of happiness. No matter if she sometimes grows weary with the drudgery of acquirement—and young girls with bright gifts in this direction sometimes do—hold her to her tasks. She will thank you by and by.

If, on the other hand, she cares nothing for this glorious art; if at all times she sees only the labor and never the reward; if she has neither time nor tune; if she has little or no conception of the meaning of music, then your time, your efforts, and your money are foolishly bestowed. Better by far teach her how to make good bread, for that is something which will be of use so long as she lives. Yet there may be some other taste that cultivated will bring you pride and satisfaction. Though she cannot be a good musician, she may be able to draw or paint well. Perhaps she can write so that the public will rejoice in what she may give them. If she have none of these gifts, then be content to make her a cultivated, intelligent woman, who will do her part well in life, whatever that may be. If not so brilliant as to win social distinction, or the world's applause, she may satisfy the heart ten thousand times more, and bring to your loving heart far greater happiness.—*Toledo Blade.*

## Important to All.

who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All do the work. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Grand success is absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

## OLD HOMESTEAD.

"Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the St. James. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied, "I've been home to see my old father and mother, the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kinder good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, light a cigar, and listen to a story of a rich man who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down, and the man told his story.

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up at Crook & Nash's, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. That newspaper was the little patent inside country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word in it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George! it made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did."

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and mother and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thoughts of my parents from me, and when I father last spoke to me raked in my bosom. Well, I went home. I didn't see much difference in Chicago, but the magnificent new depot in Milwaukee I thought was an improvement on the old shed that they used to have. It was only thirty miles from Milwaukee to my home, and I tell you, John, that train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a school boy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes and, darn it all, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but, great Scott! what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the depot, through houses where only occasionally I saw one that was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?'

"He stared at me and replied, 'You've got the best of me, sir.'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me \$1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft hat, took my valise in my hand, and went home. Somewhere the place didn't look right. The current bridges had been dug up from the front yard and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maples were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said, 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn, and wrinkled. Yet over her eyes glowed those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying: 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted 'George!'

"Father came in a moment and from the kitchen asked, 'What you want, Carl?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said, sternly, 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat, like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York, I replied."

"What you work at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm working in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear of them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we got nothing but roast spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey."

"I told her that I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as well as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white moosey getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came, and father said: 'Jim; go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water pail. Then we'll go

off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.' 'I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed."

"Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot cross lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and spoon hook. He rowed the boat with his trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish like he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel and I never got a bite."

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress, and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear shot. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last, supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he struck his knife in the roast."

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim," he said; and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a-visiting!'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so, 'How many spoons, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playing your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling hand drew the great roll of bills out."

"Ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: 'Put your trust in the Lord, for He will provide.'

"Then she



## MARVELOUSLY MATED.

Pratt: "What I asked her. Why she scorned me so. Said: 'Because you are so homely—If you're really like to know.'"

But, I think, if you will listen I can shortly prove it true. You're a pair of eyes and optics; So the hair upon my head.

Just as many points of beauty. Though they're differently arranged; But, of course, it cannot matter, Simply that the place is changed.

You've a mouth of ruby redness. I've a nose that's full as red; You're a pair of eyes and optics; So the hair upon my head.

Swoon your cheek, and round and shining. So my crown, you carrying Kate; You're two dimples, round and little. I have many, round and straight.

All a mass of gold your tresses. Mostly gold my molars too; Round your arm, and round your shoulder. Am not I round-shouldered too?

You're a hand of wondrous softness. I've a head to match with it; You're a waist amazing slender. I can match it with my wit.

You've a voice of rippling water. I've a pair of aqueous eyes; You're a smile that fills the heavens. I've a mouth that very size.

So, the clear, my pretty Kitty. Though in beauty you excel. If you simply chance the order. To compare extremely well.

## Stories of the War.

Major J. H. Skelton related to us hearing the following diverting incidents of the sanguinary battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam: General Barksdale drew his brigade up in line and addressed them in substance as follows:

"Men, upon this battle-field, in all probability, the destiny of the Confederacy, the destiny of our beloved homes, the destiny of our property, the destiny of our fathers, of our mothers, of our wives, of our sweethearts. Then let every man of us be a hero in the strife and acquit ourselves like men. It there be a man among you that possesses none of these precious things that I have just enumerated, and feels that he has nothing to battle for, if he will step to the front I will give him permission to retire to ignominious safety."

At this juncture two lean, lank, dirt-eating looking shadows of men stepped to the front, and one of them in nasal tones drawled out:

"Gen'ral, me'n him," pointing to his comrade, "hain't got no home, no pappy, no mammy, no wife, no sweetheart, an' nary nigger—kin we go?"

The general looked at them with withering scorn for a few seconds, and then, pointing to the woods in the rear, thundered, "Git!" And they got.

While the battle was at its height and the cannons' thunder fairly made the ground quake, and the shells and grapeshot shrieked through the murky air like veritable demons, General "Ranse" Wright saw a fellow running out of the fight like a scared rabbit. The general drew his pistol and putting spurs to his horse, intercepted the receding soldier, and shouted to him:

"Go back to your place, sir; go back or I'll shoot you."

The frightened skulker yelled back: "Shoot and be hanged to you; then fellows here get a thunderin' sight bigger guns than you hev!" and, daring under the general's horse's belly, inconspicuously took to his heels.

The above yarns of Major Skelton recall to our mind the witty pun of an old "Johnny Reb" on the march to Hagerstown, Md., just before the battle of Sharpsburg. Many of the soldiers were barefoot, and the soles of their feet were worn and bleeding. Our company, which had been detailed as rear guard, had halted in the road for a moment's rest. One old fellow, Joe McCracken, sitting on the roadside, held up his feet for the captain's inspection, and pointing to huge stone bruises on either foot, said in lugubrious tones:

"Cap'n, these are the days that try men's soles."

The company groaned, while some of them cried, "kill him on the spot."

McCracken had his arm disabled by a sharpshooter's bullet in the trenches around Petersburg, but refusing a discharge, was among the few ragged rebs that ground their arms when the sun of the Confederacy went down behind the hills of Appomattox.—*Hartwell Sun.*

## A Sharpshooter in a Tree.

Many thrilling accounts are told by veterans of the annoyance caused our forces throughout the army by the Rebel sharpshooters hanging on the skirts of encampments during the late war.

Early in the morning a skirmish line, composed mainly of the Forty-eighth Illinois, was thrown out in advance of our army, lying near Jackson, Miss., confronting Gen. Joseph Johnson. The men had constructed a few temporary shelters by standing rails upright, leaning against each other, the tops being bound together.

Behind one of these little fortresses—though in a rather exposed position—Capt. F. D. Stephenson of the Forty-Eighth was sitting on a turned-up bucket, taking his morning coffee. As he threw back his head in drinking a whiz was heard and a ball sped by within half an inch of his face, directly across the eyes, taking effect in a little dogwood tree beside him.

The captain rose quietly and taking a ramrod stuck it in the space so that its tip would be in the ground lately occupied by his nose; he then went behind the tree and sighted from the bullet-hole over the top of the rod, thus ascertaining the direction taken by the ball in its flight. Directly in this line rose the top of a large oak, with great sheets and streams of Southern moss hanging dependant from its boughs.

"Boys," said Stephenson, evenly, "our man is among the branches of that tree yonder." "Now"—taking a soldier's cap and placing it on the end of a knotted stick—"you all load up and lie low." "When I shove this hat into view he will fire again. There's your chance; lie down."

When all was ready he slowly elevated the cap until just in sight from the tree.

A puff of white smoke burst from its leaves and the cap turned around on its stick support, letting the daylight through a large jagged hole in its crown.

A moment later six Springfield rifles spoke

from the rail pile and a man dropped from the oak tree, clutching wildly at moss and branches as he fell. His last shot was fired. *Greensburg (Pa.) Press.*

## The Queerness of Things!

This is a sort of topsy-turvy world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is flying from it.

One man is saving up to buy a house, and another is trying to sell his dwelling for less than it cost, to get rid of it.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theatre and sending her flowers, in the hope that he may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

Smith is drinking imported ale to put flesh on, while Johnson is living on crackers and walking ten miles a day to reduce his avoirdupois.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on ten dollars a week, while many an unwarmed bank official with a hundred dollars a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

Robinson takes sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't touch a drop of it on account of his apocryphal tendencies. The doctor tells Morrell that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he will go into a decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are so nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the family by mistake.

You will sometimes see a man planting trees about his place for the shade; and, at the same time, you will see another cutting down all the trees about his house because they produce too much moisture.

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One man is killed by accident, and another tries to commit suicide and fails.

One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on a railroad; another man goes through half-a-dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping cough.

The prize-fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theological student leaves his university to become a professional base ball pitcher.

The man who can make twenty thousand dollars a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn anything at all.

We know a wealthy merchant who keeps half-a-dozen horses, who recently stated that his store was closed on account of a "holliday;" and we also know a poor reader who can spell every word in the English language correctly, and the only time he experiences any horse is when he eats horse-radish.

Good people die and bad people live. The man who is fat with health can't get employment, and the man who is making money hand-over-fist has to give up business on account of ill-health.

Linguists are keeping peanut stands, and monkeys are writing for newspapers. In a railroad collision the dancing-master generally loses his feet, and the mathematician his head.

The pugilist breaks his wrist, and the opera-singer contracts throat trouble.

The man with a colossal fortune is usually obliged to adopt an heir, while the man without a cent generally has a sufficient number of heirs to satisfy half-a-dozen capitalists.

One man won't touch bacon for fear of getting trichiniasis, and another swears by Bacon because some people think he wrote Shakespeare.—*Puck.*

## The Wrong Pocketbook.

"Did I ever tell you," said a lady friend to the Stroller as he finished the recital of a joke played upon a mutual friend, "how I was cured suddenly and completely of practical joking? No? I thought I had. Well, it was some winters ago, and I, in company with a lady friend, strolled into an art gallery on Wabash avenue. As was almost the universal custom with ladies then, my friend carried her pocketbook in her muff. I had worn her several times of its probable loss, but she had only laughed at my warnings. In strolling around the store I saw my friend's sealiskin muff left on a table, and as the edge of the pocketbook peeped out I quietly confiscated it—chuckling in my sleeve at my friend's anticipated discomfiture. We soon left the gallery, and though I thought it strange my friend had not noticed her loss on resuming her walk, she came in front of us. 'Let me pay,' she said. 'All right. Where's your purse?' I queried.

"Why, here it is!" she answered, surprised at the question, and drawing her hand from her sealiskin muff showed her portmanteau. 'Then who's this?' I asked in dismay, showing the one I had abstracted. 'How do I know?' 'I found it in your muff on the table.' 'I laid my muff on the counter—not on the table.' 'There was a lady in the store buying engravings—perhaps that muff on the table was hers.' We left the car instantly and hurried back through the winter twilight to the art gallery. We—or rather I—told my tale, and saw in the merchant's face a thinly disguised vexation and contempt. The purse had been the property of a third lady in the store who, on preparing to pay for her purchases, and finding her purse abstracted from the muff, had made some very bitter remarks which the proprietor rightly felt reflected on the character of his store and the standing of his patrons. He had made her loss more than good by requiring no pay for the engravings sold her. As she had taken her purchases with her he could give no clue to her identification except that she lived on the West Side. I had noticed the lady's personal appearance, and this, coupled with the vague hint of her residence on the West Side, was all I had to go on. I kept my eyes open everywhere, and finally I saw her

one day, weeks afterward, in a big dry goods store in the elevator. Imagine if you can my shame and embarrassment in reciting my foolish prank, while the haughty contempt and silent incredulity of her manner heated red hot the iron which was entering my very soul. No more practical jokes for me."

## Louisiana Salt Mines.

One of the visitors to the mines explained to Mr. Ely that there was a belt of saliferous deposit in Louisiana extending from Bossier and Bienville parishes, above Red river, to the Gulf. "The largest of these deposits appear to be the beds of ancient exhausted lakes. Salt springs were known to exist on Petite Anse island from the earliest date, but the works were abandoned until the blockade during the war raised prices on salt so high in the southern states that Major Avery reopened them for the use of the Confederacy. It was at this time that he came unexpectedly upon the enormous stratum of pure rock, which underlies the soil. Like the island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, Petite Anse is apparently only a huge rock of salt.

The mines have now been in operation about twenty years. The salt is excavated in large masses by blasting with dynamite. It is so pure that it is prepared for the market, not by melting or refining, as in the English mines, but simply by grinding into the requisite grades of fineness. The native crystals detached by blasting are as clear and translucent as glass. Mr. Ely went down into the mine, and wandered through its far retreating corridors, whose pillars and lofty arches shone with a soft silvery radiance. When the lights of the torches struck into the darkness overhead, the domes flashed back splendors of color that it seemed to Mr. Ely as if he had entered one of the caves underground where the Trojans have stored all the jewels of the world.

"This is all a surprise to me," said one of the visitors—a stout professor from some college in Indiana—as he stepped from the elevator into the upper air. "I actually did not know there was a mine of salt in the United States."

"And yet," said their guide, quickly, "you have no doubt used our salt on your table for years. We ship it to every large town in the north and west."

This little island of Petite Anse furnishes pepper as well as salt to our tables. Tobacco, or the distilled cayenne, dear to the hearts of gourmands or chefs, is manufactured here out of a wild pepper peculiar to Louisiana. Two or three fields produce enough of the cultivated pods to send their essence to all parts of this country and to Europe. It is one of the numberless minor industries which have sprung into life throughout the South since the war, and which hint at the strength and vitality of that long sterile soil.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## She is Probably Talking Yet.

"Excuse me, madam," said a traveler to a woman he met on a country road down in Kentucky, "but can you tell me if I am on the right road to Eldersville?"

"Kin I tell you if you're on the Eldersville road? Well, if I cain't there ain't nobody in this county that kin. I've been to Eldersville town an' agin. I was there long 'fore there was any Eldersville there, and my sister, Nancy Ann Simps, lives there now. She's Simps' second wife, an' lives in the fourth left-hand corner house on the second street back of the meetin'-house, the one with the kukitule on it. 'Tother one's a Baptist church. That's a mighty nice nag you got; but you better look out, or she'll drop her hind left shoe 'fore she gets to Eldersville. Ain't never been to Eldersville, then? I reckon 'd not, from your askin' of the way. Well, I hev bin there—bin there so many times that I could go from here there with my eyes shut. Bet a quarter I could, and I kin p'int you the way there so straight you couldn't get lost if you'd try. You just keep right on until I tell you that animal of your'n is a daisy, and no mistake. Ever trot her for anything? She'd ort to get over the ground mighty lively with them legs of hers. Once I had a 4-year-old roan—"

The traveler rode on, and he thinks the woman is talking still.—*Tid-Bits.*

## The Cook Lady Crushed Her.

A lady who lives in one of the suburbs went last week to procure a cook, and at the intelligence office where she applied was presented to a young woman in gorgeous array, who it was supposed would meet her requirements. The splendidly dressed cook-lady said she had lived in the suburb in question, liked it much, and was willing to deprive the town of her presence to return to it. The references of the would-be employer seemed not unsatisfactory, and all was apparently going smoothly when the Irish lady asked: "Where do you live?"

"We have taken Mr. Blank's house on Blank street," was the reply. An instant change came over the face of the questioner, a world of lofty condescension filling her look and her speech as she returned: "O, that is a very nice little establishment, but I think you had better look for another girl; I am accustomed to more style than that you could keep up in so small a place." And she moved away with stately mien and a dignified frown of silken robes and jet fringes, leaving the unfortunate mistress of the "nice little establishment" crushed and speechless.—*Boston Letter.*

In DEAD EARNEST.—"Janet," said her mother, "young Mr. Pletchier comes to the house now very frequently and often stays very late; have you any reason to think his intentions are serious?"

"Yes," she replied; "he says he has no conventional powers, and so he wants to sing all the vegetable kingdom there exist these properties, and I have found them." This proves that there is a shield from every pain, a balm for every wound. The wonderful healing powers of this medicine, it is said, extend to all distressing ailments.

A company has been formed at Lincoln, Nebraska, for its manufacture, under the name of "Railroad Remedy" Company, which name the medicine bears.—*Chicago Inquirer.*

Let the World Rejoice.

We learn through our exchanges and other reliable sources, that Dr. Barber, of Iowa, a physician of considerable note, has produced a perfect pain remedy. He says: "In the vegetable kingdom there exist these properties, and I have found them." This proves that there is a shield from every pain, a balm for every wound. The wonderful healing powers of this medicine, it is said, extend to all distressing ailments.

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The following testimonial from a lady was sent to a dealer in patent medicines: "Dear Doctor—I will say that, while suffering from a severe backache, I took my purse in my hand and went out to buy one of your plasters. I met a street thief on the corner and was relieved at once. You can use this for what it is worth."

## VARIETIES.

THE ANNE OF MILO'S VENUS.—There was a fire some time ago in the Art Association rooms, relates the San Francisco Chronicle. It was not much of a fire, but there was some damage done to the numerous art treasures accumulated there. Of course, the less an insurance man knows about art the better. It might influence him to allow too much for damages. But I think this story was made up. The insurance adjuster arrived upon the scene and proceeded to adjust the damages.

"I don't see that there is much damage done here."

"Not much damage! Look at the wreck, man."

"Well, how much do you say—five hundred dollars?"

"Five hundred dollars! That's nothing."

"You haven't got much insurance on the shebang."

"Shebang!" said Mr. Martin and the president, in mournful tones.

"Five hundred dollars is a good deal!"

"Five hundred dollars! Why, just look at that statue."

"Well, I don't."

"What! The Venus of Milo! Look at it! One of the greatest works of sculpture. Just look at it! The arm all broken off—you can't replace that statue, sir, for—no, not for \$1,000."

"Great Scott! Say, will you take \$1,000 and call it square?"

"Well, it doesn't pay the damage to that one statue, but let it go at that."

MARK TWAIN TAKEN DOWN.—Consul W. D. Warner, of Cologne, is a big, easy-going fellow. He is an accomplished linguist and has been through the German universities, where he imbibed a high regard for the philosophical and profound, and in equal proportion a contempt for the frivolous and funny. Mark Twain visited him once. The novelty of acquaintance had not worn off when Twain asked if Warner had ever read "Roughing It."

"No," was the response.

"Well, I suppose you have seen 'Innocents Abroad?'" he asked.

"Never."

"Nor 'Tom Sawyer?'"

"Haven't heard of such a book."

This was too much for even the humorous patience of Twain, and he exclaimed petulantly:

"What in the deuce have you read, anyhow?"

"Well," said Warner, waxing angrier as he went on, "I have read so and so and so and so (enumerating a long list of scientific, theological and philosophic works) that you probably never heard of, much less read, but I'd like to have you understand, sir, that I haven't had time to read any of the infernal rubbish you've been talking off on the American people for fifteen years."

POLITE SOCIETY IN ARKANSAS.—"I desire to retire," said a Boston guest to the proprietor of an hotel in Arkansas.

"You wish?" asked the dazed man.

"I desire to retire."

"You what?"

"I desire to retire."

"Well—I—I'll be damned if I b'leave we've got it in the house, mister."

"Got what?" said the amazed guest. "I didn't ask for anything."

"Well, say it again an' see if I kin ketch on."

"It is strange you cannot understand plain English. I simply said I desired to retire, that I wish to go to my room."

"Oh—ah—oh! That's it. You want to turn in, eh? Why didn't you say so? We don't know nothin' 'bout 'desirin' to retire' here in Arkansas. We just put off to bed."

And when he came down stairs he said to his wife, "If that's the way they talk in Boston it ain't no wonder there's so many fools there. 'Desire to retire?' Well, I'll be damned!"

A "LOW-SHOE" COLD.—A certain vivacious young girl on 19th street has been in the habit of wearing low shoes, and a week or so ago caught a bad cold in consequence. Her mother told the doctor about it secretly, and asked him to advise her not to wear them.

When the young lady was ushered into his presence he requested her to give her tongue the usual out-door exercise, and he examined it attentively. "Yes, I thought so," said he, with a shake of the head, "you have been wearing low shoes and have caught what we medical gentlemen call a 'low-shoe' cold. Now, you must quit wearing them at once, and take the medicine I am about to prescribe faithfully and according to direction."

He wrote an innocent prescription, and was about to leave the house, when his patient called him back and parlayed him by saying: "Since you're so clever in discovering a 'low-shoe' cold by looking at my tongue, will you be kind enough to take off my shoes, look at my feet, and tell me if my hat's on straight?" The doctor says he has sworn off treating "low-shoe" colds—the girls nowadays are too smart altogether.

HE GOT HIS BOOTS MIXED.—It does look as if after a man got married he lost all capability of looking after himself. We know a man who has been married several years and has been known how to button his collar, and would wear his coat inside out if his wife didn't keep an eye on him. Once this young man noticed his boots were pretty well worn. He said to his wife:

"Haven't I got any other boots I can wear? These are awful."

"Yes," she said; "there is a pair of side-button boots in the closet there."

He fetched them out.

"How does it come that I've had these boots all this time and been wearing these worn-out ones?" Then he put them on.

"Yes, I know there must be something the matter with the blessed boots. They don't fit me at all. I can't walk in them." And he made faces as he stamped up and down the room. "They are not my boots, yet they are a man's boots. Madam, who is so familiar in this house as to have a pair of boots—"

"Well, dear, they'll perhaps be more comfortable if you'll put the right boot on the right foot."

Two ex-conductors of the Missouri Pacific met in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific yesterday afternoon and began to discuss the reasons for their discharge.

"I was fired," said one, "because I was color blind."

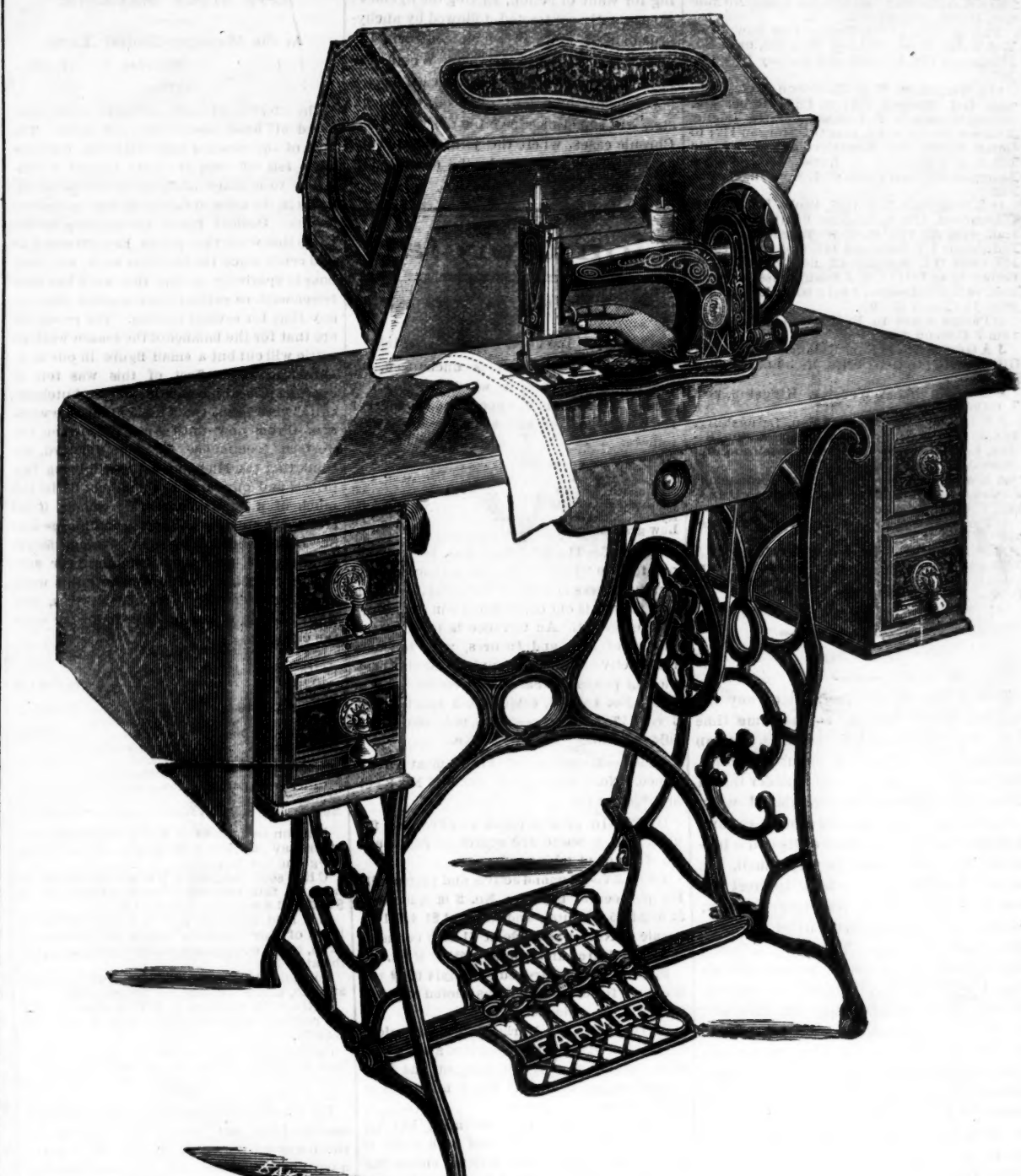
"I didn't know," said the other, "that conductors were obliged to undergo the same test in regard to colors as the engineers."

"They don't," but my color blindness went so far that I couldn't tell the difference between the color of the company's money and my own."

The following testimonial from a lady was sent to a dealer in patent medicines: "Dear Doctor—I will say that, while suffering from a severe backache, I took my purse in my hand and went out to buy one of your plasters. I met a street thief on the corner and was relieved at once. You can use this for what it is worth."

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Publishers Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.

## Chaff.

A wind-lass—A "gabby" girl.  
A pretty woman is like a mustard plaster. She absorbs all a man's attention.

When is a young man's arm like the gospel? When it makedeth the waist plagues.

The great trouble with men who borrow from Peter to pay Paul is that they don't pay Paul.

A lad crawled into a sugar hoghead, and his first exclamation was—"Oh for a thousand tongues!"

"What is it that causes the saltiness of the ocean?" inquired a teacher. "The codfish," was the reply.

"Don't you think it is getting pretty late, George?" "Yes, dear, it is, a little late for one to be out, but not so very late for two."

Miss Dewdrop, Don't you think Mr. Rose-bush has a very sensitive mouth, Miss Rayne (blushing violently)—How should I know?

A Wisconsin woman recently delivered a lecture on "Fifty Years of Progress for Women," but she mentioned no new way of darning stockings.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

Magnetist.—Yes, waiter, I am a magnetist. Would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter—No, sir; but if it's all the same to you, sah, yer might "tip" de waiter, sah.

Dame.—What do you think? I have a girl who gets up in the morning without being called. Chorus of voices.—Impossible, Dame.—But it is true; she is in love with the milk-man.

He had lent his typographic pen to direct an envelope. She—Oh, doesn't it write beautifully? I declared I am in love with this pen. He—I am in love with the holder. She saw the "point."

A photographer is out with "Suggestions to a man who allows his wife to take ood up three flights and black all the children's shoes."

Miss Flossie Bookmark (to new cousin in town)—Yes, we have two churches here, the Church of the Redeemer and Mr. Cooper's church; and we all like dear Mr. Cooper so much we best!

Wife (to husband)—There were two hats that I liked, one for \$18 and one for \$18. Husband—Which did you finally decide upon? Wife—The \$18 one. I am a little superstitious about the number 18.

"See here, George," said a fond mamma to her small son, as they walked on the beach. "What a lot of nice small stones." "Yes," grumbled George, as he glanced a searching glance around, "and not a single thing to throw 'em at!"

An old count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. In asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her: "Miss B., I am very old and you are very young; will you do me the honor to be my widow?"

"Hurry up, cooher," cried Almee to her coachman, sticking her round and powdered face out of the window; "hurry up! If you go on like this we will not come in time for the wedding. We'll be there for the divorce."

"You must be a good judge of human nature," said a young lady of a scientific turn to a photographer. "Would you mind telling me what you find to be the most common type of men?" "Tintypes, ma'am," replied the photographer, "four for 25 cents."

Agricultural fair are working the dime museum fad of having brass-faced couples married for keeps in the sight of the audience. This, however, is more agricultural than lawyer evasions and home-racing; because it leads to raising country pumpkins.

Customer (getting measured)—How much are these trousers going to cost me? Tailor—Twenty-two dollars, sir. How many pockets do you want in them? Customer—None. I won't need any pockets after I have paid for the trousers.

Hotel clerk to Missouri colonel—What was that noise in your room? Missouri Colonel—Oh! I had to break the neck of a bottle I found there, as I couldn't draw the cork. H.

C.—Why, the only bottle there was a hand grenade. M. C.—Is that so? I thought the liquor was very mild.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

A DUDE'S ATTACK ON THE FINGER BOWL.—Not long ago a certain one of Williamston's well-known dudes while in Cincinnati stopped at a fashionable hotel for dinner. A finger-bowl, filled with warm water was near his plate. He studied its why for being there a few seconds, and then commenced crumbling in some crackers. This



## TRANSFERS OF SHEEP.

Recorded in the Michigan M. S. B. Association.

T. V. Quakenbush to Philo Rich, Salem, ram 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

have found such cases evidently caused by caries or decay of the carpal bones composing the knee joints; and in one instance in the fetlock joint caused by caries or decay of the cannon, large pastern and sesamoid bones forming the fetlock joint, the severe pain from which caused the animal when standing at rest to flex the leg, the muscular extension of the ligament gradually shrinking for want of action, leaving the ligament permanently contracted, followed by ankylosis or stiff joint, in which condition the animal is of little service. Where the joints are not involved, and the case recent, hot fomentations, hard, olive oil, palm oil, etc., will sometimes have the desired effect. Chronic cases, where the joints are not involved, may be relieved by the operation of tenotomy.

## Commercial.

## DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, November 21, 1887.

**FLOUR.**—The market is unchanged, although the advance in wheat has made it fairer. The demand is good, and the market fairly active. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process..... \$3 50 @ 3 75  
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**WHEAT.**—The past week has been a good one for the "bull" side, and although some weakness was developed Saturday, the general feeling is one of confidence in the future of the market. An advance is noted on all grades of spot and futures, with business more active than for a couple of months past. Closing prices on Saturday were as follows:

Spot—No. 1 white, 82½c; No. 2 red, 80c; No. 2 red, 77c. Futures—No. 2 red, December, 81c; January, 82c; May, 87½c.

**CORN.**—Market quiet but firm at an advance. No. 2½ is quoted at 45c, and No. 3½ at 47½c per bushel.

**OATS.**—In good demand at advanced prices. No. 2 white are scarce at 25½c, and No. 2 mixed at 24½c per bushel.

**BARLEY.**—Demand active, and prices fully 10c per cental higher. No. 2 is quoted at \$1 50½ per cental, and No. 3 at \$1 40½ per cental. A sale of No. 1 was made at \$1 60 per cental.

**RYE.**—Scarce and firm at 62½c per bushel.

**FEED.**—By the car load \$13 75 per 100 bushels, quoted for bran. Middlings quoted at \$13 75 per 100 bushels.

**CLOVER SEED.**—Market firm but prices continue to advance about a week ago. Prime is quoted at \$4 07½ for spot, and \$4 10 for December delivery. No. 2 is quoted at \$3 87½ per bushel.

**BUTTER.**—Inclined to dullness, but receipts of choice are light and such stock is held fairly. Aside from strictly choice the market is weaker. Good to choice dairy is quoted 16½c, and extra selections at 17½c per pound.

**CHEESE.**—Market dull but quotations steady at 12½c for Michigan full cream; Ohio, 10½c; New York, 12½c.

**EGGS.**—Fresh command 20c per dozen, and are in good demand. Lined, 17½c.

**FOREIGN FRUITS.**—Lemons, Messina, per box, \$4 00; oranges, Florida, per box, \$4 50; coconuts, per 100, \$5 00; bananas, yellow, per bunch, 20c; red, 15c.

**Fig.**—12½c for bunches, 14½c for fancy BEEFWAX.—Steady at 25c per lb., as usual.

**HONEY.**—In fair inquiry and quoted at 17½c for choice cream and 16½c for extracted.

**GRANES.**—Market quiet and steady. City picked mediums, in car lots, are quoted at \$2 10 per bushel, and \$2 25 per bushel in small lots. Unpicked quoted at \$1 40 per bushel.

**DRIED APPLES.**—Market quiet at 4½c for common, and 5½c for evaporated.

**SALT.**—Michigan, 80c per bushel; in car lots, eastern, 80c; dairy, 82c per bushel; Ashton, quarter sacks, 72c.

**BAILED HAY.**—Demand very light. Timothy in car lots is quoted as follows: No. 1, Prime No. 1, \$11; do. No. 2, \$10; do. No. 3, \$9; do. No. 4, \$8; do. No. 5, \$7; do. No. 6, \$6; do. No. 7, \$5; do. No. 8, \$4; do. No. 9, \$3; do. No. 10, \$2; do. No. 11, \$1; do. No. 12, 50c.

**POTATOES.**—What activity there is, is in store lots at 75c. Track lots are quiet and quoted at 60c to 70c per bushel. Frosted cars will not command the latter price.

**ONIONS.**—In fair demand at \$2 25 per bushel. Supply liberal.

**POULTRY.**—Market more active. Quoted as follows: Live, 80c; roosters, 30c; hens, 50c; turkeys, 80c; ducks, 70c; spring chickens, 70c; pair, pigeons, 50c. Dressed poultry is quoted as follows: Chickens, 10c; 10½c; 11c; 12c; 13c; 14c; 15c; 16c; 17c; 18c; 19c; 20c; 21c; 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

**POP CORN.**—Offerings few. The market dull. Offerings few.

**HIDES.**—Green city, 40c; 45c; 50c; 55c; 60c; 65c; 70c; 75c; 80c; 85c; 90c; 95c; 100c; 105c; 110c; 115c; 120c; 125c; 130c; 135c; 140c; 145c; 150c; 155c; 160c; 165c; 170c; 175c; 180c; 185c; 190c; 195c; 200c; 205c; 210c; 215c; 220c; 225c; 230c; 235c; 240c; 245c; 250c; 255c; 260c; 265c; 270c; 275c; 280c; 285c; 290c; 295c; 300c; 305c; 310c; 315c; 320c; 325c; 330c; 335c; 340c; 345c; 350c; 355c; 360c; 365c; 370c; 375c; 380c; 385c; 390c; 395c; 400c; 405c; 410c; 415c; 420c; 425c; 430c; 435c; 440c; 445c; 450c; 455c; 460c; 465c; 470c; 475c; 480c; 485c; 490c; 495c; 500c; 505c; 510c; 515c; 520c; 525c; 530c; 535c; 540c; 545c; 550c; 555c; 560c; 565c; 570c; 575c; 580c; 585c; 590c; 595c; 600c; 605c; 610c; 615c; 620c; 625c; 630c; 635c; 640c; 645c; 650c; 655c; 660c; 665c; 670c; 675c; 680c; 685c; 690c; 695c; 700c; 705c; 710c; 715c; 720c; 725c; 730c; 735c; 740c; 745c; 750c; 755c; 760c; 765c; 770c; 775c; 780c; 785c; 790c; 795c; 800c; 805c; 810c; 815c; 820c; 825c; 830c; 835c; 840c; 845c; 850c; 855c; 860c; 865c; 870c; 875c; 880c; 885c; 890c; 895c; 900c; 905c; 910c; 915c; 920c; 925c; 930c; 935c; 940c; 945c; 950c; 955c; 960c; 965c; 970c; 975c; 980c; 985c; 990c; 995c; 1000c.

**BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.**—Quiet; quoted at \$2 00 to 25 for State and \$2 25 to 50 for eastern brands. The supply good.

**CABBAGES.**—In good inquiry at 35c to 40c per bushel.

**CIDER.**—Common, 80c, and clarified, 11c per bushel.

**DRESSED HOGS.**—Selling at \$5 50 per cwt, outside for choice hogs.

**PROVISIONS.**—Old mess pork is lower, as is also short corn; had a shade higher; breakfast bacon has declined a fraction, as has also mess beef; but unchanged. Quotations here are as follows:

Wednesday—35 loads: Fourteen at \$11; nine at \$12; three at \$12 50 and \$10; one at \$10 50; one at \$14 50, \$13, \$11 50 and \$9. Thursday—10 loads: Fifteen at \$11; seven at \$12; six at \$10 and \$9; two at \$10 50; one at \$14 50, \$13, \$12 50, \$10 50, \$10 50 and \$7 75. Friday—48 loads: Twelve at \$11; ten at \$10 50; four at \$12 50; three at \$10 50, \$9 and \$7 50; one at \$14, \$11 50, \$9 50, \$8 and \$7 50. Saturday—3 loads: Three at \$12; one at \$13 and \$11.

## LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

## At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1887.

## CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 517 head, against 530 last week. The bulk of the receipts were westerns, but they have fell off largely from former weeks owing to a sharp advance in prices at St. Louis in the class of cattle handled by Detroit buyers. Dealers found arriving at St. Louis this week the previous week had advanced 25 to 40 cents since the previous week, and they bought sparingly, so that this week has seen fewer western cattle in our market than at any time for several months. The prospects are that for the balance of the season western cattle will cut but a small figure in our market. The good effect of this was felt at once, as prices on common to fair butchers' cattle were 15 to 25 cents higher than one week ago. From now until April next when the westerns commence to come forward, we think that the Michigan cattle will bring fair prices, and our farmers should not be too much of a hurry marketing them. Good steers are steadily advancing in Chicago and St. Louis where they now average 60 to 75 cents higher than they did one year ago. The few Michigan cattle sold here this week were hardly enough to establish prices, and were mostly common. The following were the closing quotations:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., fine fat and well formed..... \$4 00 @ 4 25  
Choice steers, fine fat and well formed..... \$3 50 @ 3 75  
Good steers, well fattened, weighing 900 to 1,100 lbs..... \$3 00 @ 3 25  
Good mixed butchers' stock—Light bulls, cows, heifers and light steers..... \$2 50 @ 2 75  
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light bulls, cows, heifers, steers and bullocks..... \$2 00 @ 2 25  
Watson sold Sullivan & F a good butchers' steer at 60c per lb. at \$2 00, and a feeder weighing 900 lbs at \$1 50.  
C. Ross sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 20 head of fair butchers' stock at 62c per lb. at \$2 50 and 8 bulls at 60c per lb. at \$2 40.  
Lee sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 14 head of fair butchers' stock at 63c per lb. at \$2 52, and 3 cows and a bull to Caplin at 1, 150 lbs at \$2 30.  
Judson sold Nowlin 5 feeders at 1,110 lbs at \$2 25, and 8 steers at 725 lbs at \$2 30.  
C. Ross sold Sullivan & F 10 steers at 900 lbs at \$2 60, and 2 bulls to Caplin at 1,110 lbs at \$2 25.  
Judson sold Caplin a mixed lot of 4 head of thin butchers' stock at 50c per lb. at \$2 00.

**SHEEP.**—The offerings of sheep numbered 2,448 head, against 3,543 last week. The demand for sheep was active, and taking the difference in quality into consideration, buyers claim that prices were stronger than last week.

Merritt sold Farrell 300 at 93c per lb. at \$3 80. Whitaker sold Spencer 204 at 87c per lb. at \$3 40.  
Jedele sold Monahan 38 at 75c per lb. at \$2 85.  
J. B. Howe sold Fitzpatrick 83 at 87c per lb. at \$3 80 and 147 lbs at \$2 50.  
O. Hara sold Farrell 70 lbs at 67c per lb. at \$2 25.  
Judson sold Young 68 at 71c per lb. at \$2 50.  
Sutton sold Fitzpatrick 74 at 71c per lb. at \$2 50.  
O. Hara sold Fitzpatrick 51, part lambs, at 59c per lb. at \$2 40.  
Jedele sold Farrell 192 at 90c per lb. at \$3 85.  
Burlingame sold Farrell 191 at 95c per lb. at \$3 80.  
Spicer sold Spencer 144 at 74c per lb. at \$2 80, and 20 to Fitzpatrick at 75c per lb. at \$2 85.  
Wallace sold Farrell 12 at 86c per lb. at \$2 90 and 21 lbs at 60c per lb. at \$2 40.  
Nichols sold Burr Spencer 77, part lambs, at 77c per lb. at \$2 10.  
Judson sold Spencer 216 at 86c per lb. at \$2 90.  
O. Hara sold Young 20 at 76c per lb. at \$2 90.  
C. Ross sold Webb 702, part lambs, at 62c per lb. at \$2 75.

**HOGS.**—The offerings of hogs numbered 1,746 head, against 900 last week. The competition between the shippers and the local dealers was sharp, and sellers closed out their hogs at an advance of 10 to 15 cents over last week's prices.

C. Ross sold Webb 70 at 235c per lb. at \$4 60 and 50 to Sullivan & F at 171c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Lewis sold Webb 60 at 235c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Watson sold Sullivan & F 30 at 185c per lb. at \$3 50.  
Hill sold Webb 70 at 207c per lb. at \$4 45.  
Stevens sold Clark 138 at 165c per lb. at \$4 45.  
Allen sold Webb 69 at 242c per lb. at \$4 65.  
Haywood sold Higley 58 at 217c per lb. at \$4 45.  
C. Ross sold Webb 179 at 185c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Brown & Spencer sold Webb 61 at 256c per lb. at \$4 75.  
O. Hara sold Bigley 33 at 228c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Wallace sold Webb 55 at 291c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Kaumbaugh sold Clark 51 at 233c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Brown & Spencer sold Webb 73 at 165c per lb. at \$4 45.  
Jedele sold Webb 73 at 221c per lb. at \$4 45.  
Burlingame sold Webb 75 at 265c per lb. at \$4 60.  
Judson sold Sullivan & F 30 at 186c per lb. at \$3 50.  
G. Spencer sold Webb 21 at 203c per lb. at \$4 45.  
J. B. Rowe sold Webb 196 at 184c per lb. at \$4 50.  
Lambert sold Clark 208 at 223c per lb. at \$4 65.  
C. Ross sold Webb 76 at 235c per lb. at \$4 60 and 55 at 263c per lb. at \$4 55.

**King's Yards.** Saturday, Nov. 19, 1887.

## CATTLE.

The market opened up at these yards with 573 head of cattle on sale. The receipts were the highest offered for several weeks, both native and westerns falling off in numbers. There were but few decent cattle on sale, and as the receipts were not sufficient to meet the demand, buyers had to pay from 15 to 25 cents higher rates than those ruling last week. The market closed firm with all sold.

Wietzel sold Genter 4 fair butchers' steers at 97c per lb. at \$2 25.  
Wretzel sold Brook 5 steers at 74c per lb. at \$2 40.  
McFarlan sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 10 head of thin butchers' stock at 70c per lb. at \$2 80.  
Wretzel & Beck sold Brown 32 mixed westerns at 74c per lb. at \$2 35, and 27 to Marx at 61c per lb. at \$2 55.  
F. Fleischman sold Loosemore 25 mixed westerns at 87c per lb. at \$2 25 and 7 to Stielckel at 85c per lb. at \$2 40.  
Evans sold Sullivan & F 14 steers at 70c per lb. at \$2 25.  
Morris sold H. Roe 2 fair heifers and a cow at 61c per lb. at \$2 40.  
McFarlan sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 12 head of coarse butchers' stock at 60c per lb. at \$2 40.

Partridge sold Knoch 4 good butchers' steers at 1,040 lbs at \$2 50 and 2 thin heifers to Irving at 60c per lb. at \$2 40.  
Wretzel & Beck sold Cross 33 mixed westerns at 76c per lb. at \$2 35 and 35 to Mason at 64c per lb. at \$2 50.  
Sullivan & F sold S. Fleischman 10 mixed westerns at 89c per lb. at \$2 40; 5 to Meyers at 83c per lb. at \$2 30, and 5 to Marx at 75c per lb. at \$2 35.  
Webb sold Knoch a mixed lot of 4 head of fair butchers' stock at 91c per lb. at \$2 40.  
Wretzel & Beck sold Phillips 32 mixed westerns at 72c per lb. at \$2 63, and 60 western calves to McGee at 27c per lb. at \$2